thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my
cosin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, lets have a dance ere we
are maried, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues
heeles.

Leon. Wee'le have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my worde, therefore plaie musicke, Prince,
thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staffe
more reuerent then one tipt with horne.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is taen in flight
and brought with armed men backe to Messina.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise thee
braue punishments for him: strike up Pipers. dance.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM